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## LITERATURE.

## THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PINKNEY.\*

PRIMARILY, we must make two objections to this handsome and interesting volume; one, that it is not equipped with a table of contents, the other, that it is undivided into chapters to relieve the continuity of its four hundred and six octavo pages. These disposed of, we find it written in an earnest style, generally careful and considerate, and with a kindly and natural enthusiasm towards its subject which commends the author to our respect. The life of William Pinkney, of Maryland—one of the giants in the day when it is believed that giants were in the land—was so mingled in the wide current of legal practice and political discussion as to have allowed but little room for the lesser incidents and anecdotes of personal history. The volume embraces a life of Mr. Pinkney, in its personal aspect and details—an account of his forensic, diplomatic, and political career—and includes a discussion of several important public questions in which that distinguished speaker took part. The fervent manner of the biographer is shown to particular advantage in a comparison of Webster and Pinkney, which our readers will be pleased to see:—

"Mr. Pinkney and Mr. Webster were left to illustrate that rare combination, which secured for them like pre-eminence as lawyers, orators, and statesmen. For close, severe, connected, logical reasoning, they were unsurpassed. Perfect masters of the science of the law, inimitable expounders of the constitution, they were as profound as brilliant, as deep as eloquent. They were tried in the severest school, and in the presence of the most critical and competent judges. The very first court of the nation, in the very zenith of its fame, was not ashamed to sit at the feet of either, and learn the true principles of constitutional interpretation. They were, indeed, *amici curiæ*. But still they were very unlike each other, notwithstanding this wonderful resemblance. Pinkney was rapid. He poured forth torrents of forensic eloquence and vehement argumentation in a swollen stream, that seemed to be absolutely exhaustless. Engaged in the most diversified and extensive practice, he never failed to infuse the magic of his eloquence and transparency of his reasoning into his numberless arguments. Mr. Webster could be eloquent—at times most eloquent—and on such occasions the effect was irresistible. He was calm, collected, deliberate in the main; and yet his great soul was sometimes roused, and his lion spirit stirred, and then there was the lightning flash in his eye, and the thunder tone on his tongue. At such times, there was an awful sublimity in his thoughts, and a bold, massive structure in his style, that were admirably adapted to the occasion. He bore down, like a roused lion, upon his antagonist, and desperate and well-timed were the blows of his stalwart arm. He was master of every passion, and his countenance glowed with the most varying expression. I was privileged to witness one of those noblest bursts of oratorical power in the celebrated Gerard Will case. Never shall I forget the withering scorn, the biting sarcasm, the deep affecting pathos and fearful sublimity, that alternately thrilled and delighted the wrapt assembly.

"Mr. Pinkney was not less self-collected. But fired by the brilliancy of his genius, and transported by the sublimity of his thoughts,

his warm southern temperament was more quickly and keenly roused, and he always rose in grandeur before the court, and was not confessedly excelled by any. He saw his conclusion with an eagle eye, hurried on with giant strides to reach it, and failed not of his mark. He forced you along, *pari passu*, in breathless wonder, in a very whirl, not of declamation, but of overpowering and matchless argumentation. And yet, in the highest excitement of his fervor and rushing impetuosity, he was ever perfect master of himself.

"Webster required some powerful stimulus to draw out his giant faculties. Pinkney never was without such stimulus. It was as natural for him to be eloquent as to speak. Pinkney's was the outgushing of thought and expression from an overflowing fountain; Webster's the welling up of thought and expression, not less rich, but less copious and free in its flow. They were more Demosthenic than Ciceronian in their style of eloquence, and yet modelled upon neither. *Vigor* and *perspicuity* were the chief characteristics. Admirable scholars, they were singularly happy in the choice and arrangement of their words; not less admirable logicians, they were equally happy in the classification and disposition of their ideas. Webster never had occasion to recall a word or re-arrange a sentence; but then he was, even in his most excited mood, what would be termed a slow speaker. Pinkney was not less skilful in the structure of his sentences and the choice of his words. He was never known to be at fault for either. This was the more wonderful, because, in the greatest rapidity of utterance, there was never a pause for either language or ideas. Neither of them was ever excelled in the ability to explore all the depths of a subject; and though differing widely in their peculiar powers of imagination, neither of them was ever excelled in the beauty and magnificence of coloring they could impart to the deductions and processes of reasoning. Mr. Webster sometimes drew a vast crowd to the courts of justice, and at times riveted the attention of the audience. Mr. Pinkney never spoke without drawing a crowd, and wielding a tremendous influence over the promiscuous assemblage; and this he did with such consummate skill, that he never weakened his argument or made it nerveless. Men are as fond of eloquence now as they were then; and yet, taking the whole professional life together, it may be truly affirmed that no man ever drew together such crowds with like power to keep them spell-bound, without the weakening of a single link in the chain of severe logical discussion. It was, indeed, a rare and wonderful gift.

"It is to be deeply regretted that these two great men, so much alike in towering strength, transparency of reasoning, copiousness and concentration of thought and imagination, were never brought into direct antagonism. They were engaged in the great Bank case; and there, according to Story's estimate, Pinkney was the bright peculiar star. But, to the best of my knowledge, they were never engaged as opposite counsel in any cause. It is a well-known fact, that Mr. Pinkney's highest powers were always more signally displayed in such antagonism. It was then that his ingenuity in the conduct of a cause, his quickness of perception, his accuracy of law knowledge, his powers of scathing analysis, his almost intuitive perception of the weak points, and ardent spirit (that, like Napoleon's, would scarce admit the possibility of defeat) shone out in all their strength.

"When it is said that Webster stated that he had met Pinkney, Emmet and Wirt, but never feared either of them as much as he did Jeremiah Mason, it should not be forgotten that he had never encountered Pinkney. He had argued by his side—never in opposition to

him. It would have been a glorious contest, and I regret that their mutual friends were not permitted to witness it, knowing that it would have been conducted in a way to reflect honor upon both.

"If, as I have shown, they were alike in combination of talent (however much they differed in their idiosyncracies of intellect), they were not unlike in the destiny that befel them. Neither of them was ever vanquished. They never suffered a Waterloo defeat, although they passed the bridge of Lodi, and scaled the passage of the Alps.

"Mr. Pinkney could never be followed by a reporter. He soon gave up the task in despair, in the fascinating spell of the orator. And from the constant multiplicity of his efforts, another consequent necessity for extraordinary exertion, unassisted by reporters, it was impossible for him to revise and prepare for publication any of his speeches. Thoughts struck out in the excitement of debate, and beauties of expression and flashes of eloquence emitted by the mind, when roused by the fervor of discussion, can never be recalled; and, consequently, if the reporter, from any cause, prove unequal to the task, the speech is lost. It was Mr. Pinkney's misfortune to live and die without meeting the man who could write down those splendid passages, or even preserve unbroken the chain of his argument; and it is the misfortune of the lovers of true eloquence that such was the melancholy fact. Mr. Webster, in this respect, has the advantage over all others. He has left a monument behind him worthy of his vast fame.

"Not too rapid to be followed, in the present improved state of stenography, his speeches were happily preserved; and that without any great labor on his part. In his speech on Foote's resolution, he had the advantage of a report from the pen of the senior editor of the *Intelligencer*, who is second to none of his contemporaries in the best qualities of a statesman. It is not, therefore, possible to conceive of a richer mine of all that is grand in eloquence, stupendous in genius, and conclusive in argument, than the speeches of Daniel Webster afford, caught up as they fell from his lips, with the glow fresh upon them, and reviewed by himself in the sunset of his splendid career, when not a faculty was dimmed, nor a ray obscured.

"No man can accord to the lamented Webster a pre-eminence I do not accord to him. No man can take a prouder pleasure in contemplating the rising columns of his fame, which, 'piercing the skies, is gilded by the first and latest rays of the sun' in his circuit of glory.

"I have thus ventured to give to the public my estimate of the character of these two remarkable men, Webster and Pinkney. I waived the expression of my opinion until the facts that illustrated the latter were spread out before it. That estimate must pass for what it is worth. For a rare combination of all the elements of true greatness, they were, in my opinion, proudly pre-eminent. For massive grandeur of intellect and granite strength, solidity of judgment and sublime eloquence, they were *principes inter pares*. Pinkney was Webster's equal in depth and brilliancy; more varied in his gifts and uniformly great in the use of them. His oratory was more splendid and overpowering if viewed in the aggregate; fully its equal, viewed in any other light. They were, however, kindred orbs, stars of the first magnitude. In all that is worthy of lasting renown, in devotion to the Union, power of argument, conservative statesmanship and majesty of eloquence, their names will be handed down to coming generations—the first of lawyers, orators and statesmen. Equalled, it may be, by some, in one or other of those departments; they were unequalled

\* The Life of William Pinkney, by his nephew, the Rev. William Pinkney, D.D. New York: Appleton & Co.

in the exquisite union of pre-eminent excellence in all. I award to them like honor and distinction, satisfied that our country will never want a title to the name of eloquence and force of intellect, so long as either name shall survive to be remembered."

#### HICKOK'S MORAL SCIENCE.\*

WE regret that it has not been in our power to call the attention of the public to this valuable work at an earlier day. It is a volume which is highly creditable to the ability, logical acuteness, and firm and decided Christian character of its author, and one which it is not too much to hope may meet with wide acceptance in our schools and colleges. Probably we can in no better way convey to our readers a clear idea of what this treatise is and teaches, than by briefly indicating its contents. After a valuable introduction on the specific province of moral science, the author divides this work into two parts: the first treats of PURE MORALITY, the second of POSITIVE AUTHORITY. Under the head of Pure Morality, we have duties to mankind, which are both personal and relative; and duties to other than mankind, i. e. duties to nature and duties to God. Under the head of Positive Authority, we have for the first division, *Civil Government*; for the second, *Divine Government*; for the third, *Family Government*. Two-thirds of the volume are devoted to the consideration of the topics shadowed forth by the headings of the divisions into which he has arranged the second part.

Of course within the space allotted to notices of new books, it is quite impossible to attempt a review or setting forth fully the principles of a work like the present, which covers a field not only vast and momentous, but also abounding in difficulties and vexed questions. All that we can say is, to say frankly, that we like the volume, and after considerable testing of it in various ways, we are prepared to commend it to all our readers, as an honest, straightforward, lucid and practical treatise on morals. And we go further; we beg to thank him, in the name of all who believe in Revelation as the only basis of sound morality, for his clear and convincing statements and arguments on the many points on which as an honest and independent thinker and teacher he was called upon to decide. As a specimen of both the manner and matter of Dr. Hickok's volume, we quote a passage from the second part, in which he is speaking of the Divine Government, as administered under the system of grace in the gospel of Christ.

"The next step brings with it great difficulty of explication. The administration of justice is precisely adapted, in the divine government, to every claim of pure morality. The law and its sanction are exactly adapted to reveal the character of God, and throw the strongest influence upon man to induce obedience and worship from pure loyalty, and thus in the highest degree promote piety. But this administration has failed to secure universal piety. Multitudes are not loyal, but rebellious. The best government that could be administered in the end of piety has proved inefficient, and now, can any new provision be made consistent with pure morality? Should not this administration of justice go on, blessing all the pious that it may, and punishing all the impious that it must? So, I suppose, all finite intelligence must have affirmed.

The strongest objections to the Christian plan of redemption apply just at this point. Among

others less profound, is the weighty difficulty felt by Kant, in viewing Christianity as having a common end with morality. If Christianity be judged in reference to the sole end of pure morality, then is the difficulty insuperable. For no motive may be allowed, except the pure love of virtue, and any introduction of substitution and atonement is immoral. The kindness of benevolent sacrifice may demand gratitude and love from the beneficiaries, but this cannot be accepted for the pure love of virtue. No pure love of virtue in the substitute can stand for others, nor be vicarious for theirs, for pure morality demands personal virtue. An acceptance of anything else is the subversion of immutable right, and could only reflect at once immorality and unrighteousness upon any government that should tolerate it.

"An ingenious philosophical explanation is then attempted by Kant, by which God may ethically accept one who has desired, and who must ever be imperfect, but it admits of no substitution. An ideal of perfect humanity, he supposes, may induce to the adoption of sentiments leading to our imitation of it, and these sentiments as permanently active, though only inducing a perpetual process towards perfection without the finite ever being able to complete it, may be accepted as comprehending in them the principle of perfection. The adoption of the ideal is the man's faith in the Son of God.

"But permanent perpetual progress in good, does away no past guilt; no supererogation can do it; no other person may do it. It is a debt of sin, and obligation to punishment, and the sinner only can undergo it. No innocent, how magnanimous soever, can bear it for the guilty. The adoption of the new sentiment is a self-crucifixion of the old man, and this perpetuated in the perpetual willingness of the new man, that there should be such self-crucifixion, is a perpetual sacrifice that gives the ground of hope for complete justification. But such a spurious Christian theory, as necessary to explain away the intrinsic immorality of the scripture atonement from the point of view taken, finds no occasion from the true point of view, viz, that the end of God's government is piety, not morality."

It is but justice to the publisher to add that the typographical appearance is all that could be desired, and is equal to anything of the kind which New York or Boston can furnish.

#### DR. TURNER ON THE ROMANS.\*

ON a previous occasion we embraced the opportunity of speaking in high terms of praise of Dr. Turner's critical and exegetical commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. We are happy to have it in our power to reiterate the commendation which that learned work deservedly received in the *Literary World*; and beg to do so in announcing the issue of the valuable volume now before us. In justice to ourselves, as well as to the author, we ought to state explicitly, that we have given this volume a careful examination; and though we do not pretend to have studied every page and paragraph, we claim, nevertheless, to have given it such close attention as may entitle us to speak the more confidently of its merits. Dr. Turner is a thoroughly honest and candid interpreter. Himself fully possessed with a love of truth, and an earnest desire to understand the word of God in its true sense and force, he strives conscientiously to give such necessary help to the seeker after truth, as that he may, by God's blessing, not fail of knowing what is the mind of the Spirit. The "things hard to be understood" in St. Paul's

writings are not conveniently passed over, as is the case in many professed commentaries; but the author makes a diligent effort, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, illustrating one portion of scripture by another, and carefully analysing the language and scope of the passage, to see if a fair and reasonable interpretation cannot be attained and substantiated. On the deep points involved in the Calvinistic question, Dr. T. manifests a fine spirit of criticism, which may be commended to all, whether supporters or opponents of that well known system of theology. Equally, too, on other questions in which there is considerable difference of views in the Episcopal Church, as well as in other churches, Dr. T. expresses himself with candor and straightforwardness. If it be too much to expect that everything in his present work will meet with approbation from critics and scholars generally, it is certainly not unreasonable to believe, as we do confidently, that the clergy, and private Christians also, will derive very great benefit from a faithful study of this great Epistle with the help afforded by Dr. Turner's analysis and commentary.

#### RUSKIN'S STONES OF VENICE, VOL. III.

(NOT RE-PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES.)

[From the London Times.]

IN this volume Mr. Ruskin, after a preliminary visit to Torcello, the mother city, and to Murano, the old pleasure suburb of Venice, conducts us first over the Byzantine buildings, with St. Mark's at their head, and then over the Gothic buildings, crowned by the Ducal Palace. He also discusses at great length the philosophy respectively of the Byzantine style as it appears in Venice (for he does not know it in its native land), and of the Gothic.

The laws of Byzantine architecture he deduces from the principle of incrustation. Its glory is color. It is painting in marble, of which St. Mark's is a masterpiece. It is brick, cased with stones of price. Its superficial nature must stand confessed. All refinements of inner structure must be abandoned. It must be costly as jewelry; and, generally, its architect will have the liberty of the jeweller to preserve the size of his precious stones at the expense of perfect symmetry. But costliness and sacrifice are essential; and the shafts which, as estimable by the eye, are the great expression of wealth in buildings of this kind, must be of one block, on pain of the consequences of dishonesty and deception. The impression of the architecture must not be dependent on size; for the claim of the several parts on attention depends on their delicacy of design, their perfection of color, the preciousness of their material, and their legendary interest; so that we must not be disappointed if, "for the great cliff-like buttresses and mighty piers of the north, shooting up into discernible height, we have here low walls spread before us like the pages of a book, and shafts whose capitals we may touch with our hand." St. Mark's is "less a temple wherein to pray than itself a book of Common Prayer—a vast illuminated missal, bound with alabaster instead of parchment, studded with porphyry pillars instead of jewels, and written within and without in letters of enamel and gold."

In a noble passage Mr. Ruskin contrasts a vast gray cathedral of England, in its old quiet square, with St. Mark's, approached through the alleys once thronged with the

\* A System of Moral Science. By Laurens Hickok, D.D. Schenectady. Van Devoort.

\* The Epistle to the Romans, in Greek and English, with an analysis and exegetical commentary. By Samuel H. Turner, D.D. Stanford & Swords.



commerce of Venice. For the description of the cathedral (which we shall never forget when we look on one) we have not space. But we will give St. Mark's:—

"There rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe that we may see it far away; a multitude of pillars and white domes clustered into a long low pyramid of colored light; a treasure heap, it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal, and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory,—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes, and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, excepted and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marble that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss'—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs all beginning and ending in the cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches, edged with scarlet flowers,—a confusion of delight, amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field, covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers of the Lido shore had been first bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

"Between that grim cathedral of England and this what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years."

The introduction of the *sea nymphs* is rather incongruous; and we could have dispensed with the marbles *giving us, Cleopatra-like, their bluest veins to kiss*. False or turgid imagery is, indeed, rather a besetting sin of this most eloquent but dangerously fluent writer. The language and the power of discerning remote resemblances, of which he is so great a master, sometimes master him, and carry him beyond the boundary of the sublime into the confines of the neighboring kingdom. Thus, in the present volume, we have "the wall of ice, durable like iron, setting, death-like, its white teeth against us out of the Polar twilight;" and that in the next clause to another simile about the

"hunger of the north wind biting the peaks into barrenness,"—we have Venice "writing her history on the scrolls of the sea surges"—"that beauty which seemed to have fixed for its throne the sands of the hourglass as well as of the sea"—and "a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream, which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust." Just before the fine passage above quoted the first impression of the symmetry of St. Mark's is most unnaturally illustrated by saying that it is "as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture and fluted shafts of delicate stone." And with still worse taste the three classes of artists—Purists, Sensualists, and Naturalists—are likened "to men reaping wheat, of which the Purists take the fine flour, and the Sensualists the chaff and straw, but the Naturalists take all home, and make their cake of the one and their couch of the other." A little more consideration would lead Mr. Ruskin's taste to remove these blemishes, and no injury would be done to the freshness of his eloquence. He informs us that ten minutes before writing a particular passage in this volume he saw the occurrence which it describes. From this we infer that he writes fresh from his impressions of the subject; which is well: but, as he may expect his works to live, he should also correct what he has written.

It is less on his account than on account of the imitators whom we foresee the popularity of his great passages will produce, that we enforce Lessing's just warning respecting the pictorial power of words. By means of language we can, to any extent, depict action; and we can depict it by means of language only. The painter or sculptor cannot depict action; they can only suggest it by the position of the limbs and muscles, or by the expression of the face. But language, also, has its bounds; though, of all modes of expression, its kingdom is the widest. When the effect of the object to be described results from the combination of all its parts presented at once to the eye, as in the case of a beautiful face or a beautiful landscape, language is almost powerless. It can only enumerate the parts in succession; and the mind of the reader is unable to retain and combine the parts so as to form a whole without an effort of attention and imagination on his part greater in reality than that which is exercised by the author. Thus their labor is but lost who in novels or poems give us an inventory of the heroine's features, or a catalogue of the objects in the landscape. We do not make a beauty out of the one, or a Claude out of the other. If we know the person or the object, we are pleased with a description which revives the image in our minds, and quickens our perception of its beauties; but if we do not know it, we cannot imagine it from the description. The only way to paint a landscape, or a beautiful face, in words, is to describe its effect upon the human mind—in a word, its charm; as Homer paints the beauty of Helen simply by saying that the elders of Troy, when they saw her, ceased to repine at the war which they were enduring for her sake, while a later and inferior poet enumerates her beauties in twenty or thirty lines. So again in the case of landscapes or buildings, or any

other object which depends for its effect on the simultaneous impression of a number of different parts, the writer, if he cannot appeal to our experience and memory, must give up the hope of painting, and be content with giving us the general character of the object, and its impression on the mind. A person who had not seen St. Mark's, or a painting of it (which most people have), would form no picture of it in his mind from Mr. Ruskin's words; he would only have a notion of sunny beauty, and delicate ornament, and bright coloring, contrasted with the opposite characteristics of the cathedral in the north. Indeed, it is to produce this very notion, and not to produce a word picture in competition with the pictures of Canaletti, that the passage is introduced; and this perfectly justifies its introduction, and the introduction of its counterpart, the description of the English cathedral. In the same manner Mr. Ruskin's picture of the site and vicinity of Venice, or, as he poetically calls it, "The Throne," is perfectly within the province of language, because it is not an attempt to paint a landscape as with a brush or pencil. The principle of combination is not that of sight, which requires the parts to be presented together, but of thought, which allows them to be presented in succession. It is a poetical verification and development of an idea,—the idea of the fitness of the spot for the empire, and the art of which it was destined to be the seat. Let those, then, who desire to adorn their pages with word pictures, after the manner of Mr. Ruskin, remember that his example is susceptible of a vicious imitation, or their drafts upon the fancy of their readers will inevitably be dishonored.

The Byzantine style is evidently the especial object of Mr. Ruskin's affection, though he is equally just to the merits of the Gothic. A passionate lover of color, he cannot but feel partiality for the only architecture which admits of perfect and permanent chromatic decoration. But he loves it also as the architecture of his favorite city in her best, holiest, and noblest hour; before she became what our imaginations always represent her—"the revel of the earth, the mask of Italy;" all gay without, all dark and foul within. Mr. Ruskin believes the spirit of the early Venetians to have been essentially, deeply, even sternly religious, and he traces the expression of this spirit in the first buildings erected by the fugitives of Altinum; he bids us, if we would know how the dominion of Venice was begun, not to estimate the wealth of her arsenals or number of her armies, or enter into the secrets of her councils, but to ascend the highest tier of the stern ledges that sweep round the altar of Torcello, and recall the forms of its exiles, and the sound of their ancient hymn. And the monuments of that high, religious age, and of its great men, are St. Mark's and the Byzantine palaces. These are the remains—the magnificent fragments—to exhibit which in their own strength he will "tear away the impotent feelings of romance," which, "like climbing flowers, gild but cannot save, and which in Venice are not only incapable of protecting, but even of discerning the objects to which they ought to have been attached." The Venice, he tells us, of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday. No prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that Bridge of Sighs which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no

great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveller now passes with breathless interest; the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as of one of his great ancestors was erected to a soldier of fortune 150 years after Faliero's death; and, if the mighty doges could now look from the decks of their galleys at the entrance of the Grand Canal, they would not know in what part of the world they stood. "The remains of their Venice lie hidden behind the cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court and silent pathway and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for 500 years, and must soon prevail over them for ever." Over the tombs of one of these "mighty doges"—Andrea Dandolo—in the Church of St. Mark, Mr. Ruskin bends, with the careless slavish crowd of the square fresh in his mind, and the march-notes of an Austrian regiment in his ear, and thinks how he who lies under that canopy would have taught his country another choice if she would have listened to him;—"but he and his counsels have long been forgotten by her, and the dust lies upon his lips."

The descriptive portions of the work consist of a conscientious and affectionate examination of details, the interest of which is sustained, even for the non-architectural reader, by the power of a mind which constantly educes a spirit through the body of art, and criticises all the works of man in the light of noble moral sentiments, drawing sermons indeed from the mouldings of a grass-grown and neglected stone. For to Mr. Ruskin art has a deep, moral and religious significance, both in its uses and in its connexion with the character and condition of the artist. Every touch is for him the thought of a human intellect and the voice of a human heart. His general language on this subject, if it came from another writer, might almost be thought affected. He constantly inculcates a spirit of the deepest reverence towards the works of the great architects; he speaks of color especially as a great gift of God; he holds that the sins of Venice were aggravated, because they were committed in the presence of St. Mark's; he measures the spiritual degradation of the modern Venetians by the distance between their art and that of their forefathers at Murano; he believes the men who designed and the men who delighted in a beautiful arch-volt to have been *wise, holy, and happy*; he rejoices to recognize the Protestant spirit of self-reliance and free inquiry in the characteristic freedom of Gothic architecture at its noblest epoch; he speaks of a wilful deviation from true principles in art as *corruption* and as *sin*; he denounces those who love monotony in buildings rather than variety, as *loving darkness rather than light*; he divides the different schools of art on principles at least as much of morality as of style or taste; he distinctly speaks of the Deity as providing for different kinds and grades of art; he calls upon us to note with thankfulness and awe the inscrutable wisdom with which Providence, working for a mysterious but glorious aim, prepared the sands and waters of the lagoon to give birth to the art of Venice. But it is not so much in these direct expressions, strong as they are, that Mr. Ruskin's religious feeling for art appears, as in the intense affection with which he pores over the minutest details of the words which he

admires; the delight with which he discovers and reveals some almost imperceptible delicacy of measurement or proportion, some microscopic excellence of coloring, some happy touch of a mason's hand in a subordinate ornament. He seems to kiss the very footsteps of that art of which he is the great expositor. And, therefore, it is with a feeling of astonishment amounting to dismay that we suddenly come upon such a passage as the following:—

"The more I have examined this subject (the effect of pictorial art upon religion), the more dangerous I have found it to dogmatize respecting the character of the art which is likely, at a given period, to be useful to the cause of religion. One great fact first meets me. I cannot answer for the experience of others, but *I never yet met a Christian whose heart was thoroughly set upon the world to come, and, so far as human judgment could pronounce, perfect before God, who cared about art at all.* I have known several very noble Christian men who loved it intensely; but in them there was always traceable some entanglement of the thoughts with the matters of this world, causing them to fall into strange distresses and doubts, and often leading them into what they themselves would confess to be errors in understanding or even failures in duty. I do not say that these men may not, many of them, be in very deed nobler than those whose conduct is more consistent; they may be more tender in the tone of all their feelings, and farther-sighted in soul, and for that very reason, exposed to greater trials and fears than those whose harder frame and naturally narrower vision enable them, with less effort, to give their hands to God and walk with Him. But still the general fact is indeed so, that I have never known a man who seemed altogether right and calm in faith who seriously cared about art; and, when casually moved by it, it is quite impossible to say before hand by what class of art this impression will on such men be made. Very frequently it is by a theatrical commonplace, more frequently still by false sentiment. I believe that the four painters who have had, and still have, the most influence, such as it is, on the ordinary Protestant Christian mind are Carlo Dolce, Guercino, Benjamin West, and John Martin. Raphael, much as he is talked about, is, I believe in very fact, rarely looked at by religious people, much less his master or any of the truly great religious men of old. But a smooth Magdalen of Carlo Dolce, with a tear on each cheek, or a Guercino Christ or St. John, or a Scripture illustration of West's, or a black cloud with a flash of lightning in it of Martin's, rarely fails of being verily, often deeply, felt for the time."

In the two following paragraphs Mr. Ruskin seems to limit these startling remarks to the case of religious paintings, the indifference to which he accounts for partly on the ground that the great religious painters and the subjects of their pictures have been Romanist, partly on the ground that to strong religious feeling the highest representation of sacred subjects is unsatisfactory, while the lowest may be invested with reality and raised to sublimity by the power of childish faith. And he turns the reproach from the art that is scorned upon the Protestant Christians who scorn it, by telling us "that we refuse to regard the painters who passed their lives in prayer, but are perfectly ready to be taught by those who spent them in debauchery."

If this is all—if he means only that Protestants cannot look with unmixed feelings on paintings that represent Roman Catholic objects of devotion—that disagreeable asso-

ciations inevitably attach in our minds to a portrait of St. Dominic, or an Assumption of the Virgin, or the picture of a fabulous miracle—and that subjects from the Bible, however inferior as works of art, are generally more popular, his opinion is nothing new to us. We are ready to add the further admission that mediæval churches and cathedrals, being distinctly adapted to the forms of Roman Catholic worship and the peculiarities of Roman Catholic belief, it is difficult for Protestants to regard them as religious buildings with unqualified satisfaction. And we should not be scandalized to hear that this dissatisfaction was most acute in those Protestants whose religious feelings are the strongest. We can only hope that some day art will accommodate itself to truth. In the meantime, if Mr. Ruskin has found that the best men among Protestants—those, to take his own words, who are, humanly speaking, most perfect before God—do not, in proportion to their taste and cultivation, appreciate the pictures of great Roman Catholic masters as *works of art*, and even, so far as is rational or possible, as works of devotion, we can only say that it is a question of experience, and that his experience is diametrically opposed to ours.

But if it is suggested that there is any incompatibility between a religious character and a care for art—such a care as is implied in its full enjoyment and perfect cultivation—then, we say, it is a grave question for us all, and especially for Mr. Ruskin, who himself cares for art so much, and endeavors, with so much power and success, to make the rest of the world care for it.

We apprehend that the person on whom Mr. Ruskin's induction is grounded would appear, on examination, not only to be remarkable for religion, but also to be men of a peculiar, though not uncommon temperament; and that we should find their indifference to poetry and beauty to be more the result of their temperament than of their religion. There are even certain views of Christianity which, if they could be consistently followed, would render those who hold them almost incapable not only of enjoying or taking interest in anything, but almost of doing their duty to society. Mr. Francis Newman, in his *Phases of Faith*, mentions an Irish clergyman of exemplary piety who actually lived on the assumption that the world was coming to an end every minute, and who was only prevented from selling the library which was necessary to his mental health and usefulness by the fortunate recollection that St. Paul himself had sent for his books from Troas. Such a man would obviously care nothing for art; but he would care nothing for literature, science, law, civilization, or freedom either. He would be altogether out of harmony with the world which Providence has given him to keep, adorn, and study so long as he is in it, to the probable detriment of his own character,—to the certain detriment of the character of his sect, if he should happen to found one. Beauty and the sense of beauty are from God; they are placed by Him, for high and tender purposes, in the creation and in the nature of man. And art, as it acts powerfully on the character of men and nations, either for good or evil, will always deserve the attention of religious men, if they care for their kind, as well as any other educational influence. Man cannot "jump" this world any more than he can jump the world to come.



But the fact is, that Mr. Ruskin should be asked to reconsider his judgment before it is made the subject of elaborate argument. What can he mean by saying that there are some who in very deed are nobler, tenderer, and further-sighted in soul than those whose heart is perfect and right before God? Does not this show that he has need to settle more clearly who is the true Christian before he pronounces that the true Christian does not care for art? And again, he contradicts himself as to the facts. For in one paragraph he tells us that true Christians do not care about art, and in the next that they do care a great deal about art of a low kind—Carlo Dolce Magdalens, with a tear on each cheek, and black clouds with a flash of lightning by Martin, and coarse Scripture pictures by Salvador.

If it be said that Protestants, as a class, are more indifferent to art than Roman Catholics, we may point to Mr. Ruskin himself, who is not singular among English Protestants in his love of the Italian masters, though he may be singular in his exquisite knowledge of them. That Protestant countries have produced fewer great painters than Roman Catholic countries is true; but the reason seems to be principally that there are diversities of gifts among nations as among men, and that the gifts of taste belong to the southern, while the gifts of intellect belong most to the northern nations. Milton is a conclusive answer to any argument that Roman Catholics may draw from the possession of Michael Angelo. It seems also as if art were the gift not only of particular nations, but of a particular age; at least, it has declined in Roman Catholic countries quite as much as in Protestant countries since the epoch of the Reformation. If the watchful apologists of Roman Catholicism among ourselves should pounce on Mr. Ruskin's admission as an evidence that all Protestantism is cold and fanatical, and crushes the finer and tenderer parts of human nature, they must take his observations on themselves into the bargain. "Idolatry," he says, "is no encourager of the fine arts." "Take the vilest doll that is screwed together in a cheap toy-shop; trust it to the keeping of a large family of children; let it be beaten about the house by them till it is reduced to a shapeless block; then dress it in a satin frock, and declare it to have fallen from Heaven, and it will satisfactorily answer all Romanist purposes." And, again, in palliating the old Marioltry of the builders of the church at Murano, he speaks with disgust of the "frightful doll" which now stands "in wretchedness of rags," and "with rouged cheeks and painted brows," as an evidence of the present spiritual condition alike of the worshipper and of the priest.

Nevertheless, we must make the melancholy confession, that those religious distractions of Christendom which perplex politics, and education, and the whole life of man, are not without their effect even upon art. It is obvious that poetry, and philosophical poetry especially, reflecting the spirit of the age, must reflect the characteristics of that spirit; and if all the controversial writings of this generation should perish, the works of its great poets would alone suffice to assure posterity that it was an age of doubt. "There's something in this world amiss, shall be unridled by-and-by," is the key-note of our poetry; and the same perplexity is revealed in the paralytic or purely imi-

tative state of all kinds of religious art. This, our misfortune, must also be our excuse, when we are charged with indifference to the beautiful,—a charge which Mr. Ruskin is inclined to make in somewhat exaggerated terms—"Carmina proveniunt animo dictata sereno." There is something that weighs heavier on the heart of the age than questions of architecture or painting, and which must be taken off before it will recover the freedom and originality in art, and especially in religious art, which was possessed by Dante, and by the great Gothic architects, and Raphael, and Angelico. Mr. Ruskin, as a reformer of art, will find in the spiritual and philosophical condition of his time a deeper malady than the mere prevalence of a bad style, and a stronger reason than any mere want of taste or power of expression for our general tendency to take refuge in the beauties of nature, or in the buildings and paintings of the past.

We have said that Mr. Ruskin is inclined to exaggerate the want of a taste for beauty in his age. Surely he does so, when he says that "the rush of the arrival in the railway station is not *always* nor to *all* men an equivalent" for the romance of travelling in the olden time. He may depend upon it that the generation to which he preaches is not so stiff-necked as he imagines. We are not without a desire for beauty, if any one would show us how to attain it. We are fully sensible, for instance, how bad an effect is produced upon us all, and especially on those who cannot afford to change the scene, by the excessive ugliness of our towns; and a man who would practically help us to improve them would be hailed as a general benefactor. We most entirely sympathise with the wish to introduce some better features into those "miles of house, with the proper portion of Doric portico and windows allotted to each inhabitant." Only the remedy must be practical, and, in the case of domestic architecture, at least, it must not smell too strongly of the *Lamp of Sacrifice*. It may be quite true that the style of the Venetian palaces may be as convenient as it is beautiful, and that it may have the further recommendation (scarcely appreciable by the holder of a building lease) of lasting for fifteen centuries. But what does it cost? The inhabitant of thirty feet of "house" in Tyburnia enjoys good-sized rooms, and such light and air as London can afford, for a moderate proportion of his income. Outside, his home is No. 20; but he finds comfort, and he may find taste and variety, within; and it can scarcely be expected that anything less elegant than a Venetian constitution will compel him to exchange his present interior for such a portion as a man of ordinary income—to say nothing of the poor—could afford of the *Stones of Venice*.

#### APPLETON'S MODERN ATLAS.

Is a new series of thirty-four accurately-drawn and precisely-colored maps, Messrs. Appleton issue one of the neatest companion volumes of this class to the library which has been published. It is compact in form, a small quarto or large royal octavo, not too large to be held in the hand, and is admirably clear in outline and lettering. The new lines of railroad are given; there is a new map of the newest territories of the United States, a comparative scale, measuring each country by the length of England, and an alphabetical index of the latitudes and longi-

tudes of thirty-one thousand places. An accurate and comprehensive atlas, which can be handled by the fireside, along with book or newspaper, is a luxury which is now within the reach of the public. Our classical readers will understand the style of the work when we state that it is on the same plan and execution as Dr. Butler's Ancient Atlas.

#### BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

WE have our annual notice of the approach of the holiday season, in the growing brilliance of paper, gold-leaf, and illustration of the books on our table. Judging by the first instalment, the harvest promises to be, not merely rich in ornament, but of sterling value.

First, as a stranger, welcome to the well-selected presentation of "Scotia's Bards," marshalled and arrayed, evidently a labor of love and patriotism, by the Messrs. Carter, of Broadway. Domestic and national feeling, with a pervading solemnity, are the characteristics of this volume, which includes miscellanies from some sixty or more authors, led by Thomson, and ending with the newest Alexander Smith. Blair's "Grave" and Graham's "Sabbath" are given entire; and we come everywhere upon such universally-accepted favorites as Logan's "Lines to the Cuckoo," Moir's tender "Casa Wappy," Pringle's eloquent "Bush Boy," and Montgomery's "Native Land." Scotland, all the world knows, is rich in poets, and can afford a dozen volumes in different departments choice as this. There was very little danger of wandering much out of the way in a selection. The little collection of nursery poems was well thought of for this volume, which, altogether, in its typography and happy wood-cut illustrations, does credit to the taste and spirit of its projectors.

Next on the list, and famous for the general acceptance of many of its pages with the public, comes a new edition (from Scribner) of the poems, "The Deserted Bride and other Productions," of George P. Morris. In elegance and richness, it is a companion-volume to the choice editions of Bryant and Longfellow, published a year or two since in Philadelphia. The pencil of Weir has been very diligently employed in illustrating the Songs—the sketches displaying much variety and skill in treatment, with a predominance of American incident. The Opera of the Maid of Saxony, which is added to the Songs and Ballads, has several exquisite illustrations by Darley, remarkable for taste and feeling. General Morris carries a soldier's eye, for order and effect, into the ranks of literature; and we may congratulate him upon the felicitous disposition and equipment of his well-drilled intellectual regiment at the present review.

The *American Aboriginal Portfolio* is a quarto volume of illustrations of Indian life, from the press of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., the designs being by Lieut. Eastman, and the letter-press by his accomplished wife. The readers of that lady's sketches of the Dahcohtas will know what to expect in the way of story and legend, and sympathetic treatment of the fading race. The pencil here gives ample opportunity to the pen—including every variety of manners and customs in the lodge and on the prairie, at play or at war, the games and hunts, and limited domesticities of the Indian. The plates of this volume constitute one of the most at-

tractive features of Mr. Schoolcraft's three huge quarto's, which are accessible to but few purchasers. It was well thought of to separate them from the more didactic topics of those volumes, and bring them within the power of all to possess and appreciate. A more national or truly refined holiday publication, or one more likely to be of interest hereafter, is not likely to be met with for many seasons.

#### LITERATURE, BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

A LATE number of the *Heidelberger Jahrbuch* contains a highly interesting article on Professor Lincoln's edition of Horace, from the pen of Professor Baehr, of the Heidelberg University, a veteran classical scholar, well-known by his *History of Roman Literature* and other valuable works. The article commences with an allusion to the cheering fact, that the Americans are evincing a higher appreciation of the refining influences of classical studies. Our scholars are availing themselves (it says) of the fruits of European research, and moulding the investigations of continental scholars into a form adapted to the wants of American students. Turning their attention comparatively little to textual criticism, they have sought rather a rational and consistent interpretation of a classic work as a whole, and have endeavored to learn the spirit of the author, and his relations to his age, by connecting the study of his works with that of his life and times. The writer then passes to notice Professor Lincoln's Horace, and speaks of it in general as follows: "American literature has already furnished several editions of Horace, for the use of schools and colleges. One of these, which has passed through various editions, and has been extensively used in England, has been formerly noticed in our *Jahrbuch*. That work, however, is not to be placed on a level with the one now before us, as this has assumed a different stand-point, which may be considered an indication of progress in this department of study. Though the present work is, like the other, intended for schools, yet it is marked throughout by a greater independence on the part of the author. Though the criticism of the text was less the object of the editor than the interpretation, yet this point has received from him more attention than from other American editors. The life of Horace, prefixed to the work, is highly commended. In particular, Professor Baehr compliments the writer on the spirited defence of Horace from the charge of cowardice at the battle of Philippi, and on the felicitous manner in which he has exhibited the relation of Horace to Maccenas and to Augustus. On the whole, he remarks as follows: "An ardent love for the poet, which tends to awaken a like feeling on the part of every reader, pervades the whole sketch, which in length does not exceed the limits proper in a work of the kind."

On the notes, the reviewer speaks in the following terms:

"If we examine the notes, we are still to bear in mind the object for which they were intended. Though we find here, as in the criticism of the text, that the editor has founded his work upon a German basis—as he gracefully acknowledges, in mention especially of the editions of Orelli and Dillenburger—yet he has gone throughout the whole with an independence of method, such as we have not seen in earlier American works of this

class. In preparing the notes, the pupil and his wants were had in view. To aid him in his reading, to guide, where he would be likely to err, to remove from his path real difficulties, and thus lead the way to an entire comprehension of the poet, this was the aim of the editor. Hence he does not explain everything, but leaves much to the oral explanation of the teacher. It will be found, on close inspection, that the editor has remained faithful to these principles, and the explanations commend themselves by their compressed brevity, and nice precision of expression."

In conclusion the reviewer remarks that the introduction to the Epodes might have been longer with advantage to the book, and certain passages in the Satires, which have been the subject of recent controversy in Germany, might have been more fully discussed. On the other hand, he bestows especial commendation upon the commentary on the *Ars Poetica*, on the lucid manner in which the character and tendency of the poem are set forth, and the course of thought and the connection of the different parts pointed out. He gives, in a translation of several passages, Professor Lincoln's views on the nature and value of the Epistle; and concludes with a complimentary mention of the familiar acquaintance which he seems to have with the extended literature of this and the other epistles of Horace. The typographical execution of the book is described in detail, and in highly commendatory terms.

*History of the Navy of the United States of America*, by J. Fenimore Cooper. (Putnam & Co.)—A compact, well printed edition of Cooper's naval history, with additions and revisions, which give it the importance of a new work. To the original two volumes is now added a third (all bound up in the present single volume), a continuation of the history from 1815 to 1853, which has been prepared from the MSS. of Cooper, the archives of the Department, and consultation with officers of the navy. This additional matter includes the account of the war with Algiers—the suppression of the Pirates of the Gulf—the Exploring Expeditions of Wilkes, and Lynch, and De Haven—the affair of the Somers and the Pacific, and Gulf Operations of the Mexican War. These portions of the work are clearly and succinctly stated, and add very materially to the value of the work as a permanent history, without interfering with its individual character. The naval battles and movements, as drawn by Cooper, we need not now say are not likely to be readily superseded. They are masterpieces of dramatic naval action. A very striking portrait of Cooper prefaces the volume, which has, besides, several familiar portraits of popular naval heroes.

*Louis XVII.—His Life—His Suffering—His Death*, by A. De Beauchesne. Translated by W. Hazlitt. (Harpers.)—When this subject was, some time since, brought into American importance by the wide-spread story of Dauphin Williams, the *Literary World* (No. 316) contained a full notice of M. de Beauchesne's original Paris volumes, and when an admirable abridgment of them—preserving all the popular features of the story—was published with the title, "The Bourbon Prince," we still further displayed the very touching incidents of the narrative. The whole of the original, elaborate, histori-

cal essay is now before the public in an English dress, with proofs direct and collateral of the author's investigation. Some of these autographic pages, of which there are fac similes, offer curious aids to our appreciation of the realities of the story—as the page of the writing lesson of the Dauphin corrected by Louis XVI., and the last letter of Marie Antoinette—for the book is a narrative, as well of the passing scenes of the Revolution, as of the terrible career within the temple. As a full exhibition of all the points to be gathered by a zealous inquirer in Paris, whose labors have extended over many years, and whose researches embrace the testimony of survivors implicated in the event, this book will retain its place in the library as a diligent and curious summary of one of the most remarkable specialities of history.

*The Poetical Works of John Milton*. 2 vols. (Appleton.)—One of the octavo reprints of the poets, of which we gave a preliminary announcement in our last, prefaced by a spirited Life of the Poet and an Essay on his Writings, from the pen of the editor of the series, the Rev. George Gilfillan. The Life is one of the most vivid accounts of Milton to be met with in so brief a space. The critic seizes the prominent events, those which act upon character or genius, and presents them with a few telling accessories. It is rather a novelty to get so much freshness and enthusiasm as Mr. Gilfillan brings to his work in the editing of the classic poets; if he sometimes presses his quips and inventions too far, he as often newly awakens the attention of his readers to an old theme. This edition contains all the minor, including the Latin poems, and is, as a marketable production, a miracle of substantial workmanship and cheapness.

*A Complete Analysis of the Holy Bible*, containing the whole of the Old and New Testaments, collected and arranged Systematically in Thirty Books. By Rev. Nathaniel West, D.D. (Charles Scribner.)—This is one of the most important works which has ever appeared in illustration of the Holy Scriptures. It consists of a classification of the entire Bible according to the subjects treated in its various portions, the texts bearing on each topic being placed together without reference to their original position. It is obvious that the value of such a work must depend in a great measure on the clearness and fulness of its classification. In this respect the present volume will stand the test of examination. It is composed of thirty books, which are subdivided into two hundred and eighty-five chapters, and these again into four thousand one hundred and forty-four sections. A full table of contents and index enable the reader to refer immediately to any of these numerous but necessary subdivisions. The texts quoted are given in full, with the book, chapter, and verse from which they are taken. No text is repeated, but the entire contents of the sacred volume are given. The facilities afforded by this arrangement for reference are too obvious to need comment. Another advantage afforded by it is the opportunity of perusing the Bible, according to its subjects, and in its narrative portion, as a connected history, prophecy and fulfilment being found side by side. Such a perusal is suggested in the preface, and cannot be other than an instructive and pleasing exercise.



The compiler deserves, and will doubtless receive, the thanks of the whole of Christendom for his important work, as its arrangement is applicable to the Bible in any language and any version.

An idea of the labor bestowed on the work may be formed from its size. It forms a volume of one thousand and twenty-two large double column pages.

*Notes, Critical, Illustrative, and Practical, on the Book of Daniel*, with an Introductory Dissertation, by Albert Barnes. (Leavitt & Allen).—A new volume of a Commentary, the previous portions of which are so widely and favorably known, that an accession to their number will be received with widespread favor.

*Gustavus Lindorm*; or, "Lead us not into Temptation," by Emilie F. Carlen. With a Preface to her American Readers, by the Author. From the original Swedish, by Elbert Perce. (Charles Scribner).—We are glad to welcome another of Miss Carlen's novels, for they are all possessed of interest, and inculcate elevated principle. They have also the charm of household, familiar life, bearing, like good portraits, evidence in themselves of fidelity to the originals from which they are taken.

The American translations of Miss Carlen's works have reached her in her distant home, and evidently in the first impulse of a gratified, laudable pride, she has written a warm-hearted preface which forms one of the most delightful portions of the work. We trust that similar expressions of international courtesy may increase, for they do service in cementing the union of the Republic of Letters.

Putnam's and Harper's Magazines for the month display more than their accustomed excellence. The latter is strong in its American descriptions of the Sugar Culture of the South (from the pen of T. B. Thorpe), of the New Orleans Pestilence, with incidents which rival the stories of De Poe, and a kindred South American topic from the journals of Mr. Ewbank. Moreover, Thackeray's new story of "The Newcomes" is commenced—with a little world of life and happy writing—in the number. Putnam has some vigorous, straight forward criticism on Bleak House, more Potiphar Papers on Society, picturesque American travel, philosophy (a review of Sir W. Hamilton), fiction, essay, &c. Altogether any intelligent reader does himself great injustice who does not procure both these periodicals. They may be had, with all their copious stores and abundant pages, for less than the price of a single number of the dry, meagre monthlies which they have superseded.

We have received from T. S. Berry & Co. a collection of new music, including reprints from European composers and original American pieces, published by Oliver Ditson, Boston. The "Nouvelle Phire de Perles," by Osborne, and "Alboni, Second Valse Brillante," by Schuloff, will need no recommendation to those who have heard their predecessors. A set of "Variations for the Piano," by Mozart, contains the best possible practice for students not very far advanced; and "Lilly Dale, with Variations," is a pretty study for beginners. There are also several brilliant dancing pieces, among which we can recommend the Orion, Genesee, Fly Away, Coquette, Cataline, and Southern Night-

ingale Polkas, the Cottage Hill March and Amusement Waltz, New Year's Eve, by Kelblock, and the Mexican National March, by Herz.

Among the best songs, published by the same house, are, "Flowers of Italy," a selection from celebrated operas, with Italian and English words; "Those we Love," and "My Father and my Mother," ballads by Dempster; "Melodies of Home," and "When shall we Two meet again," a vocal duet, by Stephen Glover; "The Faded Flower," "I have no Joy but in Thy Smile," "I'll Think of Thee at Early Morn," and "The Power of Music." "A Rural Cot at Eve I pass," is an adaptation of new words to Kücken's beautiful melody, usually known as "We met by chance;" the present arrangement appearing to us much preferable to the old one.

#### *Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets.*

—It has been a matter of surprise that this excellent work has never yet been republished in this country. True it is, that upon its appearance in England, nearly thirty-five years ago, Messrs. Wells & Lilly, of Boston, were induced to print, in a very small volume, the "Essay on English Poetry" prefixed to the work, but there they stopped. They seemed to have thought, with a certain satirical countryman of theirs, that the public at large deemed "that the inventor of the wheelbarrow had done more service to mankind than the writer of the Iliad and Odyssey." We now have the whole collection, however, at last, through the enterprise of Mr. H. C. Baird, of Philadelphia, in a good form and most distinct type, and, what is of no small importance to the preserver of books for use, upon good paper. It is well known that to Campbell this production was a labor of love, and he viewed it with the same rejoicing that a farmer sees the prospect of a full harvest; and that he took uncommon pains to make his book at once entertaining and fraught with information. No man had more resources than he had upon the subject of English poetry, especially within the compass of his peculiar poetic habit; and his taste and industry have made the narrative and biographical part of his task as accurate as the critical and illustrative parts are original and amusing. His plan was to select all the genuine English poetry that could be condensed within reasonable compass, with literary and biographical dissertations prefixed to each of the poets. He admitted no specimen that was not of already acknowledged excellence, or of such excellence as, if hitherto unnoticed, he felt able to point out and vindicate. There was then much charming poetry in our language, which no collector but Campbell had had the taste to insert in any compilation, and much also which was unknown to mere tasteful readers, or known and admired among a few only, and as yet not rescued from neglect by any popular notice—admired passages kept for insulated attachment, but which deserved to be brought before the world for general admiration. How well, and with what characteristic enthusiasm he performed all he attempted, the work itself may best tell.

#### DR. HOLMES' LECTURE ON WORDSWORTH.

It was a very clever, sparkling lecture with which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes opened his course on the Poets of the 19th Century, at the Hope Chapel, on Friday of last week—the particular victim of the evening being

William Wordsworth. It is something of a test of liveliness to be entertaining for an hour on so serious a theme. We will not say that Dr. Holmes accomplished the feat; but, dismounting for the nonce from his Pegasus, he exhibited an extraordinary amount of ground and lofty tumbling. The doctor's fireworks are, some of them, chasers, winding their perilous course to the danger of the groundlings; others are as undoubtedly rockets, ascending to a considerable height in a blazing whiz, and exploding at that altitude in a shower of very pretty golden fire. With his neat fancies and artificial sublimities, Dr. Holmes is, on a topic of common life and manners, the most agreeable of lecturers. We hardly thought it possible that any one could be weary of his ingenious and animated diction under any circumstances; but it is a fact, which we put upon record for scientific analysis, that in our immediate neighborhood, on that Wordsworth evening, no less than five persons, of either sex, dropped off from somnolency into a condition verging very decidedly upon coma. The only explanation we can offer for this extraordinary occurrence is, that Wordsworth, not being a wit himself, unlike Falstaff, is not a good cause for wit in other men. How coldly upon the audience fell the galvanized, resurrectionized, critical pleasantry of Jeffrey from the early part of the century! The public has no longer that kind of partisan interest for or against Wordsworth to induce them to relish the exploded jests at his simplicity. They are as melancholy as Peter Pindar is now. Any one who cares, at this day, for Wordsworth at all, cares for his good qualities; and these the lecturer, looking at the thing in no higher light than as a point of artistic effect, erred in treating so carelessly or keeping altogether out of sight. We do not remember hearing anything of the severe classical grandeur of Dion or the Laodamia; not a word of the dramatic force of the song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, which may fairly challenge any equal number of lines out of Sir Walter Scott (whose Young Lochinvar was made the subject of an unfavorable comparison for Peter Bell's donkey); and nothing of the general position of Wordsworth as a great moral poet—worth a hundred Youngs and Thomsons; or as the poet of personal freedom, an independent, religious, unfettered life. Wordsworth's love of nature was displayed at the expense of his religion; and for the rest we had his puerility, his prolixity, his want of picturesque and statuesque form (a novel and most untenable objection), dwelt upon with most captions ingenuity.

Dr. Holmes is too acute a man to fall into mere blunders (though several of his passages for censure were very unfortunately selected); he is nice in his expressions and distinctions, but his lecture, as a whole, appears to us an entire misconception, so far as it was calculated to set a great poet in a proper light before a mixed audience. It was not that anything false was said, but that so much that is true was omitted. Thus the poet's philosophical coldness was dwelt upon, in the tear-compelling quality, while the corresponding grandeur of the mountain elevation was unnoticed. But we are reluctant to recall the particular line of remark. Dr. Holmes will have better opportunities of displaying his peculiar vein. We anticipate a rich treat from him when he gets alongside of the young ladies in parlors who

once sighed their souls away in ecstasies over the now almost forgotten Lalla Rookh enchantments of Tom Moore. The fire-works will be in keeping with those filagree palaces, but they stand rebuked before the august cathedral of Wordsworth.

The lecture had many clever points, the happiest of which was a description of the birds and plants of America, in a concluding "copy of verses," which were admirably delivered, and the applause consequent upon which suddenly brought to life those unaccountable people who so far forgot themselves as to slumber under the pulpit of Dr. Holmes.

#### A MUSEUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES FOR NEW YORK—EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

In view of the fact that there exists among us no national institutions, such as have long been established in the principal cities of other civilized lands, for the permanent deposit and conservation of works of Art, Antiquity and Natural History—the undersigned ask leave to call the attention of their fellow-citizens to the opportunity now afforded to secure for this metropolis, as a nucleus or basis for a Museum of Arts and Sciences, a collection of Egyptian Antiquities of great rarity, unrivalled completeness and permanent value.

The articles of which it is composed were gradually obtained during a residence of twenty years in Egypt, by the proprietor, Dr. Henry Abbott.

According to the testimony of eminent Archaeologists, some of the objects thus brought together are unique as specimens, and all of them being well authenticated as illustrations of Historical, Biblical and Ethnological science, their value can scarcely be overrated.

The difficulty of obtaining complete cabinets in antiquarian researches is universally acknowledged; and it is confidently believed, that, with the exception of the best public European museums, no institution contains so satisfactory a collection of Egyptian relics, including adequate memorials of that people's domestic and religious history, and their knowledge of arts and mechanics, as the one now being exhibited to the New York public, at the Stuyvesant Institute.

For several of the specimens large prices have been offered, but the proprietor has wisely declined breaking the unity of the entire series; and as it is not expected that any individual will purchase the whole, we earnestly desire to retain it as a public benefit.

The study of Art, History, and Science, daily advances in this country; and with the growing prosperity of New York, it is highly desirable in a national point of view, and important as an element of high cultivation, that the liberal means which the princes and merchants of Europe, in times past, so nobly provided for the promotion of letters and the arts, should now be furnished by the citizens of New York, as sources of future glory, and monuments of enlightened patriotism.

We believe that the time has now arrived when an appeal to the public spirit of our wealthy and successful citizens, in behalf of an institution to preserve trophies of art, specimens of natural history, antiquities and all objects adapted to a National Museum, would meet with a hearty response. It is believed that if such an institution was sustained and enriched, it would prove a permanent attraction to visitors, a great and

much needed resource to scholars, and a worthy evidence of Metropolitan intelligence such as would add grace and significance to our material prosperity. It is also believed that if such an institution existed, numerous legacies would accrue, and that our travellers, from time to time, would add to its treasures.

For the nucleus of such a museum, Dr. Abbott's Collection of Egyptian Antiquities is the most important and available that is likely to offer, and this consideration appears to the undersigned an additional motive for securing it for our city.

Horatio Allen,  
Joseph W. Alsop,  
W. H. Aspinwall,  
Thomas Boyd,  
J. Boorham,  
B. J. Blankman,  
Luther Bradish,  
James Brown,  
Stewart Brown,  
J. M. Brown,  
E. H. Cressey,  
J. G. Cogswell,  
John Campbell,  
E. H. Cheever,  
Geo. B. Cheever,  
M. M. Champlin,  
Howard Crosby,  
G. W. Curtis,  
V. W. Williams,  
J. Linsley,  
Robt. B. Minturn,  
James Renwick,  
J. A. Spenceer,  
Jas. R. Spalding,  
J. Seymour,  
F. C. Tucker,  
Jo. M. Wainwright,

C. R. Degan,  
Warren Delano,  
Chas. P. Daly,  
John A. Dix,  
N. Doubleday,  
T. D. Doubleday,  
Manual B. Field,  
D. Dudley Field,  
J. W. Francis,  
Moses H. Grinnell,  
Rufus W. Griswold,  
Francis L. Hawks,  
F. W. Holland,  
C. W. Hackley,  
DeLancy Kane,  
William Kent,  
Chas. King,  
R. S. Kissam,  
A. Vanderheuvell,  
Valentine Mott,  
W. C. Prime,  
Henry R. Remsen,  
Sid'y A. Scheffelin,  
John Stevens,  
H. Thorn,  
H. T. Tuckerman,  
Jacob A. Westervelt.

#### MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

(Monthly Meeting of Thursday Evening, Oct. 6, 1853.)

The first monthly meeting of this Society since the summer recess was held on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 6th, the President, Gen. J. SPEAR SMITH, occupying the chair.

After the reading, by the Secretary, of his record of the proceedings at the last meeting, the assistant Librarian presented the following list of additions to the Society's collection, by donation and purchase, made since the last report:

Smithsonian contributions to Knowledge, vol. 5—presented by Smithsonian Institute.

Famine in Ireland in 1846-47; presented by W. G. Thomas.

Report of the New Bedford Library; presented by Librarian.

Remarks on Letters from Washington to Jos. Reed, by Jared Sparks; presented by Jared Sparks.

Third vol. of Marine Historical Society Collections; presented by Marine Historical Society.

Forty-eight volumes of Congressional Documents; presented by Department of State.

Owen's Survey of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota, 2 vols.; presented by Department of State.

Stevens' Historical Index, vols. 8, 9, 10, and 11; presented by George Peabody, of London.

Oration of Timothy Bigelow before the Municipal Authorities of Boston, pamphlet; presented by J. S. Loring.

Grinnel Land, with Supplement, 2 pamphlets; presented by Peter Force.

Stricker's Life of Cicero; presented by James Lucas.

Report of Col. Graham on Mexican Boundary; presented by Hon. Thomas G. Pratt.

Report of Mr. Bartlett on Mexican Boundary; presented by Hon. Thomas G. Pratt.

Journals of 1st and 2d Congress, Sept. 5, '74, and May 10, '75; presented by Charles F. Mayer.

Austria and its Polity: An Address by Robert Dodge; presented by Robt. Dodge.

Address before the Central High School, Baltimore, August 1, 1853, by B. Mayer; presented by B. Mayer.

Ogilby's America; presented by E. N. Leslie, of New York.

To the Cabinet, &c.

Several petrifications found embodied in a rock on the shores of Lake Skeneateles, Onondaga county, New York; presented by E. Norman Leslie, of Onondaga county, New York.

Portrait of Gen. M. Gist, copied by J. K. Harley; presented by Gen. J. S. Smith and Dr. P. Cockey.

Purchases.

Works of Benjamin Franklin, by Jared Sparks, 10 volumes.

Portrait of Gen. Wm. Smallwood, copied by J. K. Harley.

Writings of George Washington, by Jared Sparks, 12 volumes.

Mr. Brantz Mayer stated to the Society, in reference to the narration he proposed writing, descriptive of the defence of Baltimore in 1814, and the battle of North Point, that he had been favored with an extremely interesting and minute account of the action which resulted in the repulse of the British boats and barges by the battery under the command of Capt. John A. Webster, now in the revenue service of the United States;—the defeat of which force prevented the landing of a large body of British troops, which had been directed to get in the rear of Fort McHenry, and then to advance on the city. He had also received a promise from Col. Kearney, of Washington, to furnish him with an account of the movements of the troops and a topographical sketch of the field of action.

Mr. Streeter stated that he was happy to be able to add a valuable document to those already alluded to, through the courtesy of Hugh Jenkins, Esq., in whose name he presented to the Society the Order Book of Gen. John Stricker, commander of the 3d Brigade of Maryland Militia, during the defence of Baltimore, and in the battle of North Point.

On motion, it was resolved, that the thanks of the Society be tendered to Mr. Jenkins, for his well-timed and most acceptable donation.

Mr. Streeter also presented a communication from Samuel K. George, Esq., covering an original letter written by Benedict Arnold, in April, 1768, and another written by Aaron Burr, in December, 1793; which had been in possession of President Edwards, but had been presented by his son to Charles S. Gilmor, Esq.; and were now, by his desire, offered for the acceptance of the Society.

The somewhat spicy letter of Arnold, which is directed to Mr. John Remson, with whom, it appears, he was at issue on some business matters, reads as follows:

"NEW HAVEN, 21st April, 1768.

"Sir: Your very Extraordinary Letter of the 12th Inst. by Capt. Bradley came to



hand, and I assure you that it is with the utmost indifference I observe all the unjust and False Aspersions your Malice can invent, both with regard to the Fortune's Cargo and Our Affidavits, as a Consciousness of my uprightness and Fairness, in regard to Our Concerns will never Suffer the Opinion of you or any other Blockhead to give me any uneasiness, and it is with equal indifference I observe your Threats in regard to the Contract which will Rather Induce me to come to New York than otherwise, as I should take a pleasure of Convincing the World that your unjust aspersions are equally False and ungrateful.

"I have now Drawn on you in Favour of Capt. James Bradley for the Ballance of your Acct. exclusive sheets &c. £13-11-11 & have Included the Interest which ought in justice to be paid, as well as the Principal, but as the Law will not give it me, I dont imagine you have Sufficient Honour or gratitude to pay It altho I paid the Money for you three Years since."

"You must Act your Pleasure, I have also given Capt. Bradley an Order On you for the Sheets, &c, the Piggs I paid Chapel for which I shall look to him again. I have given Capt. Bradley Orders and a Power of Attorney to Arrest you Unless you pay him, as I have so many other Losses to Count up I dont intend to add yours to the rest. Those Gentlemen who were Arbitrators on the Fortune's Cargo were so honest as to Determine that you should have Nothing, if the Bills were not Accepted, which was the Case with every one for both Cargoes—which I hope will prevent any more of your Impertinency reaching the Ears of

"Yours, &c. B. ARNOLD.

"Mr. John Remson."

The letter of Mr. Burr was brief, and without special interest.

After the reading of Arnold's letter, Mr. Mayer invited the attention of the members present to a fine full length portrait of one of the former Proprietaries of Maryland, which had very recently been suspended in the Society's room; and read the following note from the donor:

"PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 24, 1863.

"To the Historical Society of Maryland: The undersigned will be highly honored by the Society's acceptance of a full length portrait of Lord Baltimore, copied from the original, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

"With profound respect, their obedient Servant,

THOMAS SULLY."

Mr. Mayer remarked that it seemed not improper to give a brief statement of the circumstances which had made the Society the possessors of a donation so valuable, in an historic point of view, and so admirable, as a specimen of the painter's art. It was well known that Mr. Sully, during the past winter, had been a resident of Baltimore; during which time he had, by his successful professional labors, won general respect as an accomplished artist, and the high regard of those who had enjoyed his society.

Desirous of testifying in an appropriate way his sense of the kindness and hospitality with which he had been received in Baltimore, Mr. Sully stated to Mr. Mayer his wish to paint a picture to be presented to the Historical Society, among the members of which were many of his intimate friends; and requested some suggestion as to a suitable subject. Mr. Mayer named

to Mr. Sully a portrait of one of the Lords Baltimore, that would probably be accessible to him, and expressed the hope that it would be agreeable to him to copy the head of that portrait, which, he had reason to think, would be particularly acceptable to the Society. Mr. Sully acted upon this suggestion; but, instead of confining himself to a delineation of the head, made a fine full length copy of the picture, in which he succeeded in transferring to his canvass, with admirable fidelity and spirit, the personal characteristics of the early Proprietary and the peculiar style of the distinguished artist, to whom the original is attributed.

Mr. Meyer further remarked, that some question had arisen as to which of the Lords Baltimore the picture was intended to represent. The impression had for a long time existed, that the original was a portrait of Cicilius, the second Lord Baltimore, and was painted by Vandyck; but the costume and details of the picture proved that neither of these opinions could be correct. The dress, instead of being that peculiar to the reigns of the first and second Charles, was that which came into fashion about the times of Queen Anne and George I. The figure, also, is quite youthful; and the only proprietary of that time who answers to the age, or could have been painted by Kneller (who died in 1723), is Charles, the fifth Lord, whom, it is presumed, the picture is intended to represent.

The dimensions of the picture are about eight by five feet. It represents the Proprietary in the rich costume of the period, of a commanding presence, and pointing, with a graceful gesture, towards his trans-atlantic territory. The figure of an Indian female, dimly seen in the back ground, with a trailing banner, the proprietary coat of arms, a rude shield, bow, arrows, and appropriate accompaniments, serve to fill the canvass, which, with the fine coloring and artistic execution of the principal figure, fix the attention, and gratify the taste of the beholder.

The picture is intended to grace the meeting room of the Society, where the members are gradually forming a collection of portraits of the worthies of Maryland, of both the earlier and the latter time; but during the Exhibition in the Society's Gallery, soon to be opened, it will be added to that collection, for the inspection of visitors.

In addition to the portrait of Lord Baltimore, the Society have to congratulate themselves on having recently obtained portraits of Gens. Mordecai Gist and William Smallwood, of revolutionary memory; the former presented by the joint liberality of Gen. Smith and Dr. Cockey, and the latter copied at the Society's expense, and both for the first time suspended on our walls.

After Mr. Mayer had concluded his remarks, the Society, by a unanimous vote, directed the Corresponding Secretary to communicate to Mr. Sully its sense of his courtesy and liberality, and its grateful acceptance of a donation, at once a memorial of the colonial days of Maryland, and a gratifying evidence of the donor's high professional skill.

The Society then proceeded to elect, as Honorary Members, Gen. J. N. Almonte, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Mexico to the United States, and Thomas Sully, Esq., of Philadelphia.

The following gentlemen were proposed as candidates for Active Membership: Hugh

Jenkins, Wm. H. Young, Francis B. Mayer, Dr. Robert Fulton, J. S. Shipley, David Cushing, Charles H. Dupuy, J. Deane Smith, and George C. Irwin.

The Library Committee invited the attention of the members to a very rare and interesting work on America, in the list of donations, of the date of 1671, by Ogilby, presented by Mr. Leslie, of New York, for which, on motion, a vote of thanks was passed.

Mr. Streeter stated that he had been apprised by George L. L. Davis, Esq., of his intention to prepare a paper, to be read before the Society, on the early settlements on the Patuxent; but illness had prevented his completing it in season to be brought before the present meeting. It would probably be prepared in time for the next monthly meeting.

The Committee appointed to wait on the Rev. Dr. Burnap, reported that he would be ready to deliver the Annual Address early in November, and that his topic would be "The Origin and Causes of Democracy in America." Mr. Pratt, Dr. Steiner, and Mr. Moale, were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the delivery of the Address.

A committee was also appointed to make preparations for resuming the Society's soirees, to commence on the third Thursday in November, and to continue monthly thereafter, during the winter season.

A statement was made on behalf of the Committee on the Gallery, that the copy of Paul Veronese's great picture, "The Marriage at Cana," in the gallery of the Louvre, made by the distinguished American artist, Mr. Powell, for the Society, had arrived at New York; and that copies of the "Martyrdom of St. Peter, the Dominican," by Titian, in Venice, and the "Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino, in the Vatican, made by Signor Bartolemeo, an Italian artist of high reputation, for the Society, were also completed, and on their way to this country. Preparations have been commenced for an exhibition of Paintings in the gallery connected with the Society's rooms, which will be probably ready for the admission of visitors early in November. The Society then adjourned.

S. F. STREETER Secy.

#### THE LATE ANDREWS NORTON.

MR. NORTON was one of the ripest scholars and most learned theologians in this country. His controversial writings show great intellectual ability, combined with the most laborious research. In the ranks of the champions of Unitarian theology, Prof. Norton will always retain a very prominent position, on account of his vast argumentative abilities and his rare scholarship. He wrote for the educated and the cultivated, and commanded, to an eminent degree, the respect of his theological opponents, who acknowledged his depth and great learning. The productions of his pen are not numerous, but they all bear marks of immense study and the most thoughtful consideration.

Mr. Norton was born at Hingham in 1786. He entered Harvard College in 1800, and graduated in 1804, when only 18 years of age. He studied divinity, but was never settled. He was for a time tutor at Bowdoin College. He afterwards held the same office at Cambridge, and also filled the station of librarian. In 1819, he was elected

Dexter Professor of Sacred Literature in Harvard University, and continued in office till 1830, when he resigned his Professorship. He has since resided at Cambridge as a private gentleman. His opulence enabled him to devote his time to intellectual pursuits, and his magnificent residence has been for years the resort of a large circle of distinguished scholars and literary men, who were attracted thither by the fame of the learned Professor.

In 1833, Mr. Norton published his "Statement of Reasons for not Believing the Doctrines of the Trinitarians." This work was followed, in 1837, by an octavo volume on "The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels." In 1839, he published his famous treatise on "The Latest Form of Infidelity," which was replied to by a champion of Transcendentalism, to which Mr. Norton replied in a work of great power.

Mr. Norton had quite a reputation as a poet. His poetical writings are not numerous, but they all rank very high. He has written some of the best hymns in the English language. What schoolboy is not familiar with his lines upon "A Summer Shower," beginning with

"The rain is o'er. How dense and bright  
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!  
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,  
Contrasting with the deep blue sky."

In closing this brief and very imperfect sketch of the life and character of Mr. Norton, we copy the following hymn from his pen. It breathes the true spirit of trust and submission:—

"My God, I thank thee! may no thought  
Ere deem thy chastisements severe;  
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,  
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom:  
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;  
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom  
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain  
Thy frail and erring child must know;  
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,  
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;  
Thy purposes of love fulfil;  
And mid the wreck of human joy,  
May kneeling faith adore thy will!"

—Boston Transcript.

#### MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

— Without inclining either way, with a partisan bias, we may, in the spirit of professional sympathy, make a mark against the name of Erastus Brooks, Esq., candidate for State Senator in the Sixth District, including several of the upper wards of the city.

Mr. Brooks is one of the editors of the *Express*; and whoever has observed his course will acknowledge his personal worth, liberal information, and fidelity of character and conduct, under all circumstances.

He is a politician who will act as wisely and prudently for the public interests as for his own, and these are not the times when this high qualification can be overlooked. We are, furthermore, justified in a mention of Mr. Brooks, who is a scholar of liberal tastes, a capital writer, and a staunch friend of the literary interest.

— The *Akhbar*, under the title of *Un chien qui rapporte*, relates the following of M. Horace Vernet, who, as is well known, has taken up

his residence in Algeria: "Horace Vernet was out shooting, and called his dog to fetch a partridge which he had just shot. Immediately, not his own dog, but a magnificent animal laid the game at his feet. Our sportsman admired the animal, exclaiming, 'What a head! what legs! what muscles of steel! what would I give if it were mine!'—'Happy to offer it to you, sir,' said the owner of the dog, a humble hair-dresser of Algiers, 'take it; *c'est un chien qui rapporte admirablement*.'—'But what return can I make to you?' said M. Vernet. 'The pleasure of obliging you is sufficient, sir,' and M. Vernet kept the dog. A short time after, the hair-dresser received from the artist a beautiful painting, representing a landscape with his dog and four puppies, to which she had recently given birth, with his name signed to authenticate it. Such a crowd of customers has since visited the hair-dresser's shop that he has been compelled to employ two extra assistants. He may well say that, *c'est un chien qui rapporte admirablement*."

— A good story from a foreign journal.

The Correctional Tribunal of Paris was occupied on Saturday with the trial of a man named Jøger, for swindling. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner at the bar, who seemed to be about 36 years of age, and was dressed in a kind of foreign surout, covered with embroidery and brandeburghs, had been arrested at Strasburg, on November 7, from having set the whole place in commotion by the strangeness of his attire, being in fact dressed somewhat after the fashion of the knave of spades. He declared, when interrogated, that he was a Hungarian refugee, who had been obliged to fly from his country, having taken part in the late insurrection. This account not being confirmed by any document in his possession, and it having been ascertained that he had come from Paris, an account of the arrest was sent to the police of the capital, which led to a discovery of who he really was. Eventually an order was sent to Strasburg to have him transferred to Paris to take his trial for swindling. The principal witness on Saturday against him was a woman named Repert, the proprietor of a house of ill fame, who deposed that, in the beginning of October last, the prisoner came to her house, and after passing the night there informed her that his name was Kiswalupny, and that he was an exceedingly rich Hungarian political refugee, but for the moment unprovided with funds. He showed her three bills of exchange for 18,000 florins each, but which, he said, would not fall due for six weeks; he pretended to be acquainted with a number of high personages, and to be intimate with the prince president. Witness was dazzled with all his brilliant representations, and agreed to advance him whatever money he might require. He remained at her house for a month, spending her money freely, living on the best of the land, and manifesting a decided partiality for champagne, with which he often condescended to treat the women of the establishment. Having occasion for clothes, he induced the witness to order them for him from a tailor whom she knew, and for which she paid several hundred francs. One day he declared that he was going to dine with the prince president, an invitation to that effect having been sent him by Baron de Berkem, one of the prince's aides-de-camp, and a particular friend, he affirmed, of his own. He borrowed for the occasion a diamond ring from witness, and a porte-monnaie with several pieces of gold in it, neither of which did she ever get back from him. On the 9th of November the prisoner informed her that he was about to proceed to Switzerland on a private mission of importance, and he borrowed from her 200 francs for the journey. He asked witness to accompany him to the terminus of

the Strasbourg Railway, and got her to pay fifty-one francs for his place. They there dined together, and witness paid the bill, amounting to twelve francs, and at the earnest request of the prisoner, lent him a ring set with diamonds and turquoises, which, he declared, was to serve as a model for a set of ornaments, which he was to bring back with him as a present to her. Shortly after she heard of his arrest at Strasburg, and found that she had lost in all by the prisoner about 2,200 francs. Several other witnesses were heard, whose testimony confirmed that of the woman Repert. The prisoner, when called on for his defence, maintained that he was a naturalised Hungarian, although born in Wurtemberg, and that his father had been a nobleman of this latter country, and was killed at the battle of Ersteinstadt. He declared that he owed to the woman Repert not more than 1,000f., for which sum he had passed her his note of hand. This assertion was denied by the woman Repert, who declared that when he had offered her an acknowledgment for the money which he owed her, she had refused to take it, so great was her confidence in him. The court, considering the charge of swindling to be fully proved, condemned Jøger to three years' imprisonment.

— The *London Weekly News* gives the following as an "Important Literary Announcement":—

"Day by day, good books get cheaper and cheaper. The orthodox three volume novel has held out stoutly, but gives in at last. The stream which runs to supply the wants of the million, was leaving it high and dry upon the shelves, and it sinks its scruples to save its existence. One bold stroke of an enterprising publisher suffices to cut down the £1 11. 6d. to proportions commensurate with the general ideas of the day; and to proper relations with competitors in other grades. It may still be wise to ask an extravagant price for rubbish which sells only in the smallest quantities, but we look upon Mr. Bentley's announcement, made during this week, as abolishing for ever the restrictions which have kept the best works of fiction for some considerable period out of the hands of the bulk of readers. With a courage worthy of his reputation, Mr. Bentley has resolved that for the future, the price of all new and original novels and romances published by him shall be *two thirds less* than the amount charged at present for these works. Thus, new novels in three volumes will be published at 10s. 6d., instead of £1 11s. 6d., as at present; new novels in two volumes at 7s., instead of £1 1s.; and new novels in one volume at 3s. 6d., instead of 10s. 6d. The new novels will continue to be printed in the same neat style. A feature, without which we should not have regarded the alteration as a boon, is—that, while the public will derive an advantage, *the profit to the retail booksellers will remain as it is at present*.—Mr. Bentley looking to such an increase of the sale of the works as will repay him for the enterprise. Connected as he is with most of the best writers of the day who have rendered this department of literature so attractive, he hopes—to use his own words—to "enliven many a fireside during the approaching winter with works of the ablest writers whose productions will now, by this important measure, be brought within reach of the great body of readers."

"New works are preparing for publication by Wilkie Collins: the author of 'Charles Demailly'; 'Christie Johnstone'; Miss Sinclair; Miss Kavanagh; Robert Bell, author of 'Ladder of Gold'; the author of 'The Heiress of Somerton'; 'Margaret, or Prejudice at Home'; the author of 'Walter Evelyn, or the Long Minority'; Miss Fenimore Cooper (daughter of the celebrated novelist); Hon. Frederick Walpole,



R.N.; Shirley Brooks, author of 'Aspen Court'; Emilie Carlen; the author of 'Maud, a City Autobiography.'

"We await with confidence to see an example so spirited and encouraging, followed by other of our publishing princes."

Mr. Bentley has, no doubt, yielded in this movement to the public sentiment, in favor of "cheap books," which has been so keenly stimulated, during the last year by the active enterprise and energy of Clarke, Beeton & Co., Vizetelly, Routledge, Bosworth, and others, in flooding the market with handsome editions of popular works, at the lowest prices.

— Mr. Scoville, the unique and ready-handed editor of the New York *Pick* gives the public something new, according to the following programme:—

"People hold a variety of opinions in regard to the Editor of this paper, but all agree that we can do a considerable amount of work with our pen—such as it is. Our own opinion, derived from actual experience, is, that we write best when we have most to write. If our pen gets dry, it takes some time to soften it. Once a week is not often enough. There is fun in the world for every-day use and life, and—start not gentle reader—we are going to start a daily paper, to be published and printed at No. 26 Ann street. It will be called the 'DAILY CHARIVARI,' and the first number will be issued on Monday, October 31st, 1853. Price three cents, or \$6 per annum. It will contain a very few advertisements—a page of local caricatures, and all the local fun and sentiment."

— The Queen has granted a pension of £50, a year to Mrs. Glen, widow of the Rev. W. Glen, D.D., the translator of the Bible into the Persian language.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, will soon publish another work by L. Bungener, which we have no doubt will prove a very popular book. The following notice of "The Priest and the Huguenot," is by one who has been favored with a perusal of the book, while at press: "The readers of 'The Preacher and the King' will welcome gladly another work from the gifted author; and its perusal, we imagine, will confirm them in the opinion that Bungener has won the first place among living Protestant writers in France. We have never read more fascinating and instructive volumes. These works furnish a gallery of noble historical paintings which Macaulay might envy. Louis XV., effeminate, selfish, and unkingly, surrounded by his courtiers, narrow-minded and hollow-hearted, stands out from the canvass as a living portrait. The Encyclopedists, with their noted leaders, Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and D'Holback, are sketched with a life-like fidelity, scarcely surpassed by Boswell's portraits of Johnson and the members of his immortal club. The Jesuits, too, appear in turn upon the painting; their vices are satirized with a keen irony and a pungent invective, that reminds one of the "Provincial Letters," while their courage, zeal, and devotion to their order, are set forth with a justice and admiration rarely accorded by an opponent.

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